

Boston, May 3, 1848.

My Dear Friend:

79 Our darling babe, who bore your beloved and cherished name, after a sojourn of sixteen months in the flesh, left us a few days since to reside where sickness and death are unknown, where all tears are wiped away, and where bright and beautiful spirits are rejoicing in the bliss of immortality. It is the first breach that has been made in our family circle — the first link that has been broken in the chain of our parental relationship. As a child, it seemed to us (perhaps we were partial) that she was uncommonly beautiful, and in a rare degree promising. The vacancy created in our household by her departure is a large one, and we miss her as though she had been many, instead of one. In consequence of my severe illness in Ohio last fall, she was weaned prematurely, and from that time to the hour of her flight, made very little progress in health, strength or size. She suffered unusually in getting her teeth; and at last had a severe attack of the influenza, which ended fatally in a lung fever. Up to the day of her decease, however, we apprehended no real danger respecting her case — nor did her physician, who supposed, with us, that she was in a convalescent state. Indeed, the previous night she reposed so well, that I went to my office in the morning, with an elastic step and a joyous spirit. I did not return till late in the evening, (our dear Henry C. Wright being with me, he having just arrived in the city, after a fortnight's absence,) when Helen informed me that a marked change had come over the babe during the afternoon, and that the doctor had just gone, having expressed his fears that the case might terminate fatally. Soon after midnight, she drew her

last breath so gently, that no one perceived it: —

"Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

It is all right; and though we weep, we do not complain. "Dust to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it," is the law of our creation, obedience to which will be exacted of us all. The event which has happened to us is a very common one indeed, in this mutable world; yet though millions of parents have anticipated us in a similar bereavement, it comes to us as though we were first in the painful experience. At the funeral, we invited a select number of highly valued friends, several of whom made remarks exceedingly appropriate to the occasion — Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker in particular. We had two or three Daguerreotype likenesses of the dear little one taken, as she lay in that placid sleep of death; and though they are far from being what life would have expressed, or what we could have desired, still we prize them very highly. If we can find an opportunity to do so, we may send one of them to you.

No one misses, no one can miss, the vanished one so much as my dear Helen, whose watchfulness and care, by day and by night, for more than six months, were excessive. To see the cradle vacant — to be unable to clasp her babe to her bosom — to wake up in the night, and find no little one nestling by her side — all this seems to leave her almost solitary, although there are still five others left, each of whom she loves just as tenderly, and the loss of either of whom she would feel just as keenly. She is sure of your special sympathy, and desires to be affectionately and gratefully remembered to you, for whom she entertains the warmest esteem.

For the last two months, I have had a succession of catarrhal attacks, attended with a cough and symptoms of the erysipelas, which have been so violent as to render it impracticable for me to give that attention to my editorial duties which is so requisite to one in my situation. Dear Henry is urging me very strongly to go to Dr. Reuggles's Water Cure Establishment at Northampton, during the summer; and perhaps I shall do so, if I can make suitable arrangements in regard to the management of the Liberator during my absence from the city.

The influenza has been very prevalent in this region during the past season, and many have fallen victims to it. Every one of my family has been severely affected by it, Helen in particular; but, happily, we are all now on the mending hand. The loss of health is the loss of many blessings in one.

It is a source of lively joy to us, that the water cure has proved so efficacious in the restoration of your own health. Long may your valuable life be preserved; for this wretched, suffering world is sadly in need of benefactors. Please give to Dr. McLeod my special regards, and my best wishes for his entire success in the beneficent medical reform in which he is so zealously engaged. I equally admire and appreciate those qualities of the head and heart which distinguish him, — his patience and perseverance, his indomitable courage and unconquerable will, his love of truth for its own's sake, his benevolence and sympathy of spirit, his readiness to discard what he discovers to be wrong, his determination to adhere to what he believes to be right. Many thanks to you for a copy of his invaluable work on "The Treatment of Small Pox, Measles," &c.

which I mean warmly to commend in the *Liberator*, as worthy of extensive circulation in this country.

H. C. W. has probably written to you, respecting his contemplated visit to Ohio, where he expects to labor during the summer. I shall be sorry to lose his cheering companionship and invigorating personal presence all that time, but I know that the field he has chosen is a most interesting and useful one.

May 3 1846



Elizabeth Pease,
Darlington,
England.

(Per steamer.)

We shall soon be called to say farewell to our indefatigable coadjutor Maria W. Chapman, who expects to leave Boston about the 1st of June, with her family, to reside two or three years on the continent of Europe. How "the cause" can get along without her immediate presence, here, I cannot tell.

How many things, dear friends, remain unwritten! Yet I have time and room merely to add that I am
Your faithful friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.